

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

**"THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH,"**  
AND  
**"PROMOTION."**

BOTH WRITTEN BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.



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THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.  
A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Thursday, February 24th, 1841.*



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 10.]

VISCOUNT DE LIGNY	(Captain of the Watch to the City of Brussels.)	...	Mr. C. Mathews.
BARON VANDERPOTTER	...	...	Mr. Bartley.
ADOLF DE COURTRAY ...	...	...	Mr. James Vining.
OFFICER OF THE WATCH	...	...	Mr. Collet.
SERVANTS	...	...	Mr. Ireland.
GUARDS	...	...	Mr. Gardiner.
KRISTINA...	...	...	Mr. Birt.
KATRYN	...	...	Mr. Butler.
		...	Mrs. Walter Lacy.
		...	Mrs. Humby.

SCENE.—Brussels in the Seventeenth Century.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.



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		...	Mr. Gardiner.
GUARDS ...	...	...	Mr. Birt.
		...	Mr. Butler.
KRISTINA...	...	...	Mrs. Walter Lacy.
KATRYN ...	...	...	Mrs. Humby.

SCENE.—Brussels in the Seventeenth Century.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

No. 893. Dicks' Standard Plays.

## COSTUME.

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VISCOUNT DE LIGNY.—Puce-coloured velvet doublet, long waisted; trunks and cloak lined and trimmed with green satin; puce-coloured silk stockings; black leather ruffled boots; black velvet high-crowned hat with green feathers, and green and gold hat band; shoulder belt; rapier; gauntlets; small ruff.

BARON.—Black and crimson velvet suit—doublet, trunks and cloak; crimson stockings; black shoes with crimson rosettes; shoulder belt and sword; black velvet hat with red feathers; gauntlets; large ruff.

ADOLF.—French gray cloth doublet with hanging sleeves, trimmed with crimson and white braid, and silver buttons; trunks to match; white silk stockings; buff boots and gauntlets; shoulder belt and sword; plain collar.

OFFICER OF THE WATCH.—Buff jacket; scarlet trunks and stockings; black hat and red feathers, buff belt, and sword; buff leather boots; gauntlets; plain collar.

GUARDS.—Buff jackets; scarlet trunks and stockings; buff shoes or boots; black hats; plain collars; bandeliers and matchlocks.

SERVANTS.—Livery jackets and trunks.

KRISTINA.—Light blue velvet bodice; white silk skirt; hair dressed in the fashion of the time, with light blue bows of ribbon; white stockings; black shoes with blue rosettes.

KATRYN.—Scarlet cloth bodice; green stuff shirt, both trimmed with blue velvet; white apron; black velvet coif; scarlet stockings; black shoes with scarlet rosettes.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.
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\* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



# THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

SCENE I.—A Garden. *At the back, a wall with a small door, c., which is locked and has a key in it. A seat, L., against the wall, on which are two battledores and a shuttlecock.*

KRISTINA and KATRYN discovered.

Kristina. (R.) Well, Katryn, has my uncle gone out?

Katryn. (L.) No; he has changed his mind. He says it's too late to go out this evening.

Kristina. Which means that he would rather stay at Brussels and play at primero with the Governor. He is as fond of that game—

Katryn. As we are of this. (*Taking one of the battledores.*) Will you play, ma'amselle?

Kristina. No; I'm tired of it.

Katryn. Which means that you have found some more agreeable occupation.

Kristina. Hold your tongue, Katryn. I know what you were going to say, and you know I have forbidden you to speak of him.

Katryn. Oh, certainly, ma'amselle! I'm dumb.

Kristina. Give me a battledore. I will play.

Katryn. There, ma'amselle.

Kristina. Poor young man! I shall never see him again.

Katryn. I didn't mention him, *then*, ma'amselle.

Kristina. No, no, Katryn; I know you didn't, and I didn't mean; but I was thinking of something else, and so—and so— (*Playing with the shuttlecock by herself she knocks it over the wall. An exclamation is heard without.*) Oh, mercy, Katryn, I've sent the shuttlecock over the wall, and I do believe it has fallen on somebody's head!

Katryn. Shall I run out for it, ma'amselle?

Kristina. Oh, no, no!

Katryn. But then we shall lose it?

Adolf. (*Appearing on the wall with the shuttlecock in his hand.*) No, you won't; here it is.

Kristina. Adolf!

Katryn. The very man.

Kristina. Get down, directly.

Adolf. Certainly. (*Preparing to jump.*)

Kristina. No, no; not on this side. (*He stands up.*) Oh, dear—oh, dear, if you should be seen!

Katryn. Don't stand there, at any rate.

Adolf. (c.) I won't. (*Jumps into garden.*)

Kristina. There now, that's your doing, Katryn. What will become of me?

Katryn. Would you have had the young man stiek on the wall like a broken glass bottle?

Adolf. Pardon me, dearest Kristina, I am half distracted, I heard that your uncle was about to

sell this house and remove no one knew whither. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, I left Louvain, galloped hither like a madman—my horse fell dead as I entered the city—

Kristina. Poor Adolf!

Katryn. Poor horse, you mean.

Adolf. On arriving here, I saw a horrid board stuck against the gate confirming the news of your intended removal—"This house to be sold, with immediate possession." The door was fastened—you might have already departed—I was in a paroxysm of despair, when this precious shuttlecock, like a descending angel, came pat on my nose, and announced the presence of my beloved.

Katryn. Affecting incident!

Kristina. Distressing situation! If my uncle—if your colonel—

Adolf. Oh, my colonel and I are at daggers-drawn already! My repeated visits, private and without leave, have been made known to him. He has threatened me with all sorts of punishment, vowed to send a description of me to the Captain of the Watch, and have me dragged to gaol here and exposed to the whole city. You may not believe it, but I am at this moment actually under arrest at Louvain.

Kristina. Would to goodness you were! This imprudence will ruin everything. You know the express condition on which my uncle promised his consent was that we should neither meet nor correspond until he had received a satisfactory account of you from the friends he had commissioned to make enquiries as to your family prospects. Should he discover that you have broken that condition not only once, but twenty times—

Adolf. Tell me only, then—

Kristina. I will tell you nothing here. Begone this moment. Katryn shall write to you.

Katryn. Yes, yes, sir; I'll write to you; but go now directly.

Adolf. But that won't do, because—

Katryn. It must do, and you must go.

Adolf. But hear me. (*To Kristina.*)

Kristina. I will hear nothing. Cruel Adolf, you want my uncle to see you and break off the match, you do.

Adolf. But one word.

Kristina. Not a syllable. Nay; if you won't go, I must.

[Runs out, R. 1 E.]

Adolf. Kristina, it is most important. Katryn, what must I do?

Katryn. Don't I keep telling you, sir, you must go directly. There's the door open for you, sir. Run



as fast as you can, and I'll write as soon as I know—

*Adolf.* Write—write! But you won't hear what I have to say. I can't tell you where to write to me.

*Katryn.* How?

*Adolf.* My regiment is under orders for the frontier. We may march to-morrow morning—deuce knows where. How would you direct?

*Katryn.* To be left till called for—deuce knows where. Oh, mercy, and you never told my mistress!

*Adolf.* How could I? She wouldn't stay to hear. It doesn't signify. War is about to be declared. We shall soon be in action, and I will take good care to get killed in the very first charge.

*Katryn.* You wouldn't be so foolish.

*Adolf.* I will, as sure as fate, and you may tell her so. If she doesn't grant me ten minutes' interview to arrange some plan for our future correspondence, I'll stake myself on the pikes of the enemy the very first opportunity.

*Katryn.* Well well; let me see if I can manage it. The Baron will go out about nine to play his favourite game of primero with the Governor. Now, if I should leave this door unfastened about half-past nine—

*The CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH appears at the gate, c.*

*Adolf.* My guardian genius! Do that and—Who's this man, and what does he want here?

*Katryn.* It's nobody we know. He's only reading the board over the gate.

*Adolf.* He's coming in, confound him! If he should know me!

*Capt. (Advancing; and stopping Adolf as he is about to pass him.)* I beg your pardon, are you the owner of this house?

*Adolf.* Owner, sir! No, sir.

*Capt.* Oh, merely like myself, perhaps, attracted by the notice of sale!

*Adolf.* Exactly so, sir. Good-day, sir!

*Capt.* May I ask if you have bought it, sir?

*Adolf.* Bought it, sir! No; I—*(Aside.)* He's a devilish cool sort of fellow! I don't half like leaving him here.

*Capt.* But do you mean to buy it, or have you decided on the contrary, because I would not interfere—

*Adolf.* Oh, sir, you are perfectly welcome to—

*Katryn. (Aside to Adolf.)* Why don't you go at once? I'll answer this gentleman.

*Adolf. (Aside.)* Go! Umph! Suppose she does know this gentleman, and suppose this gentleman knows Kristina, and makes that cursed notice an excuse—

*Capt.* It's a pretty looking place. Could one see the interior of the building?

*Adolf. (Aside.)* Confound his impudence!

*Katryn.* It's rather late, sir. But why don't you go? *(To Adolf, aside.)*

*Adolf.* I won't stir from this spot till he leaves it!

*Katryn.* What's the matter now?

*Adolf.* He has come to see Kristina, and you know it.

*Katryn.* For shame—for shame! I shall go fetch the Baron, and see if that will make you decamp. *(To Captain.)* I will tell my master, sir, you wish to speak with him.

*Capt.* Oh, pray do not disturb him, unless, indeed, this gentleman desires an interview!

*Adolf.* Who? I? By no means.

*Katryn.* I must tell my master, sir. *(Aside to Adolf.)* If you are not gone before I return, no door open at half-past nine, mind you.

*[Exit, R. 1 E.]*

*Adolf.* I care not.

*Capt. (R., aside.)* There seems some little mystery here. *(Aloud.)* Sir, as I said before, I would not for worlds interfere; and as you seem to have some understanding about the house with that pretty little person, I withdraw from all competition. The property is yours, sir.

*Adolf. (L.)* Indeed, sir! It's my belief, sir, that you did not intend to buy it at all, sir.

*Capt.* To be frank with you—no more than you did, sir.

*Adolf.* Upon my honour, a damned cool fellow! Then, sir, may I ask what business you have here, sir?

*Capt.* Have a care. I may chance to put the same question to you.

*Adolf. (Aside.)* Confound his assurance! *(Aloud.)* Sir, if I am compelled to justify my right to interrogate you, I will do so, on condition that, with equal good faith, you declare on your part—

*Capt.* Stay—stay! Suffer me to advise, as well as to inform you. Never make a confidant of a person you do not know.

*Adolf.* But, 'sdeath, sir, I insist on knowing—

*Capt.* Hear me out! I had a foolish habit myself of explaining my motives to any person who considered himself privileged to ask, and once on a time I unfortunately stumbled on the actual husband of a party concerned, and received a thrust in my right shoulder that laid me up for six months. I feel it still in frosty weather. From that moment, sir, I made up my mind; and whenever I am compelled to confess, I always invent the confession.

*Adolf.* Invent?

*Capt.* Invent! And now, sir, after this candid acknowledgement, if you think you should be any the wiser, I am ready to begin with you, story for story.

*Adolf.* Upon my soul, I cannot help laughing.

*Capt.* It's the best thing, depend upon it. I have been laughing some time—internally—at this rencontre; and, as I am really innocent of any intention to cross or annoy you in any way whatever, I will voluntarily make amends for my malapropos intrusion, by loitering out the remaining ten minutes I must wait, in some other part of the neighbourhood.

*Adolf.* Sir, I am ashamed of my suspicions, and will not be outdone in courtesy. Pray remain, if it suits your convenience. I will retire, as indeed I am bound to do.

*Capt.* Nay, I entreat—

*Adolf.* And I insist. Good evening to you, sir.

*[Exit, c.]*

*Capt.* Humph! Now, if I really troubled myself about my neighbour's affairs as much as, being Captain of the Watch, it is my duty to do, I should make some very particular inquiries concerning that young gentleman—he is not a resident of this city, at least I do not recognise his face—but positively it goes against my conscience, when I come out gallivanting myself, to spoil the sport of a brother sinner in my capacity of Custos Morum.



No, no; let him steer clear of my myrmidons, and he has nothing to fear from their commander. *(Clock strikes.)* Nine o'clock, by Jove! Now for my appointment with the Marchioness. *(Going.)*

*Enter* KATRYN, R. 1 E.

Katryn. Sir—sir, my master is coming!

Capt. Pray make my excuses to your master, I can't stay another moment. I'll call again to-morrow.

*[Exit, c.]*

Katryn. Well, I'm sure! The other's gone, too, however—that's one comfort.

*Enter* BARON, R. 1 E.

Baron. Now, where is this gentleman?

Katryn. He is gone, sir.

Baron. Gone?

Katryn. Couldn't wait any longer. He'll call again to-morrow.

Baron. Oh, very well—very well! So much the better! It's too late now to see the grounds to advantage. Past nine. Getting dark fast. I must be off, too. Kristina! *(Calling.)* I'm going, Kristina!

*Enter* KRISTINA, R. 1 E.

Kristina. You will go, then, uncle?

Baron. To the Governor, for an hour or so. I shall not be late. *(Aside.)* The dear Marchioness! How agreeably surprised she will be! She thinks me miles away in the country. *(Aloud.)* Good night, Kristina. You may be gone to bed, perhaps, before I return. Katryn, lock this door after me, I have got my own key. You need not sit up for me; and mind, if anybody should call about the house after I go out, don't let them in, tell them to come to-morrow.

Kristina. You are still, then, determined to part with it?

Baron. Certainly! I don't like the neighbourhood.

Katryn. But where do you think of moving to, sir?

Baron. I don't know, I haven't yet made up my mind. *(Aside.)* The Marchioness talks of Bruges. Perhaps she'll let me know to-night, and then—*(Aloud.)* Good night, Kristina. Lock the door after me, Katryn, there's a good girl.

*[Exit, c.]*

Katryn. Yes, sir—certainly, sir—*(locks it)*—and unlock it again directly. *(Unlocks it.)*

*(It grows gradually dark during the following dialogue.)*

Kristina. Katryn, what are you doing? You don't mean to leave the gate unlocked?

Katryn. Oh, just as you please, ma'amselle, only I thought you had an objection to Lieutenant Adolf getting over the wall!

Kristina. Of course I have—the greatest.

Katryn. Well, then, if I leave the gate open, there will be no occasion for his doing so.

Kristina. Katryn, Katryn, you will make me very angry with you! Have I not told you distinctly that I will not permit his clandestine visits?

Katryn. Certainly, ma'amselle, twenty times at least, and have been much obliged to me for paying no attention to you; but as you seem particularly in earnest this evening, I suppose I am to obey you; and, therefore, I will lock the door, and

tell the gardener to let loose the great dog, and then you can go to bed with the comfortable assurance that you will never see or hear of Lieutenant Adolf again.

Kristina. What do you mean, Katryn?

Katryn. I mean that the poor young gentleman's regiment is under marching orders, and if you do not grant him an interview to-night, he has sworn a horrible oath either to blow his brains out himself, or get the enemy to do it for him the very first opportunity.

Kristina. Under marching orders?

Katryn. They move to-morrow. Fate knows where. *(Noise without.)*

Kristina. Hark! What noise is that?

Katryn. Some disturbance at the end of the street. *(Runs to door.)* I can see the lights of the town watch in the distance.

Kristina. A drunken quarrel, no doubt. Let us go into the house, Katryn.

Katryn. And lock the gate, ma'amselle?

Kristina. No; if the watch are close at hand there can be no danger; and it might drive poor Adolf—

Katryn. To climb over the wall again; so we'll leave it on the latch at present.

Kristina. I am going to my own room, Katryn. *(Going, R. 1 E.)*

Katryn. And I to tell the gardener not to let loose the great dog till master comes home again.

*[Exeunt, R. 2 E.]*

*(Stage is now quite dark. Noise again, nearer.)*

*The door is opened suddenly, and the CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH enters, c.*

Capt. Lucky chance! A gate on the latch! 'Sdeath! If they had caught me! The Captain of the Watch arrested by the watch. A pleasant anecdote for the gossips of Brussels. Ha, ha! I can't help laughing at the notion myself, upon my soul. It was almost a pity to spoil so good a joke; but, then, my office and, what's more, my salary would be in jeopardy. Besides, the fair Marchioness! My capture might have compromised her. Who the deuce is my rival, I wonder? I should like to know the gentleman whose unexpected visit compelled me, for the lady's sake, to risk my neck by jumping from a second-floor window, and my reputation by a scuffle with my own unconscious satellites. Is he a young man whose impetuous spirit she dreads, or an old one whose wealthy purse she has designs on? I suspect the latter, by some hints she dropped. Young or old, however, his arrival was confounded malapropos. How the plague am I to get home without discovery? My fellows are on the qui vive at both ends of the street, and, not being in uniform, I must take my chance of lying close here till they give up the chase.

*The BARON opens the garden gate, and enters unheard by the Captain.*

Baron. *(Aside, as he enters.)* How's this? The gate on the latch? That careless Katryn, when I particularly ordered her to lock it after me! She shall hear of this, and soundly. I'm just in the temper to fall foul of anybody. The Marchioness ill—gouc to bed—not to be seen. Provoking!

Capt. *(R., aside.)* Where can I have got to? The night is so dark, and I was so confoundedly hard



pressed, that I'll be hanged if I know even the street. There are trees here; it must be some garden to a detached house. (*Feeling about.*)

Baron. (*Aside.*) Eh, don't I hear somebody moving about? (*Advances, and runs against the Captain.*) Hello! Who's there—who's there, I say? Speak, or I'll run you through the body.

Capt. (*Aside, and drawing.*) The devil you will! (*Aloud.*) Don't be alarmed, it's only a friend.

Baron. A friend! What friend? Whose friend?

Capt. Everybody's—a friend of the human race! Don't make a noise.

Baron. Don't make a noise! I will make a noise if you don't immediately declare—

Capt. I declare I won't do anything if you make a disturbance. I give you fair notice that my sword is drawn, and you may run against it in the dark. Just let me find the way out, and—

Baron. Out, sir! You don't budge a foot till I know who you are, and what business you have in my garden at this hour.

Capt. In your garden? Adzooks, the master of the house! Ten thousand pardons, whoever you are, and accept my most grateful thanks for the protection your hospitable walls have afforded me.

Baron. Confound your politeness, sir! Answer my question or I'll call the watch. They are in the street.

Capt. Don't think of such a thing, sir. On the contrary, as you are the master of this place, I trust to be still further indebted to your generosity.

Baron. Confound your impudence, sir! Answer me directly! What seek you here?

Capt. An asylum. I am the victim of circumstances. (*Aside.*) I must say something, but I'll be hanged if I know what. (*Aloud.*) Listen, sir, and I will confide to you the fatal secret—that is, as soon as my agitation will permit me—(*aside*)—and I can think of one that will do.

Baron. Proceed, or I'll call the watch.

Capt. Sir, I beseech you to be calm. I have the strongest reasons for wishing to remain concealed.

Baron. I've no doubt.

Capt. Hear me, sir! I presume I am speaking to a man of honour.

Baron. I should be glad to presume as much on my part.

Capt. You shall be satisfied instantly. I am the youngest branch of an ancient Flemish family—my name is— (*Aside.*) Plague take me if I can think of a name!

Baron. Well, well.

Capt. But may I depend upon your secrecy?

Baron. If you tell me directly; not else.

Capt. Well, then, my name is Cæsar de Cortenberg.

Baron. De Cortenberg!

Capt. Yes, sir; I am the last of that noble house. Left alone in the world, I lived on my patrimonial estate near Tournay, retired from the world, occupied only with the care of my garden, cultivating tulips.

Baron. Rot your tulips. Tell me at once what brought you here.

Capt. I am coming to that, sir, immediately. A letter—a fatal letter, reached me, sir, in that peaceful paradise, from my sister.

Baron. Your sister! You said you were the last of your family—left alone in the world.

Capt. (*Aside.*) Did I? (*Aloud.*) So I did, sir, and so I am, sir, the last male. My sister, sir—my only sister had taken the veil in the Ursuline Convent, at St. Omer's, so that I was, you see, left alone in the world.

Baron. Well, well, go on.

Capt. Pardon me, sir, my emotion overcomes me. (*Aside.*) I'm at a dead lock, I declare. (*Aloud.*) Where was I?

Baron. You had a letter from your sister.

Capt. Ah, yes! That letter—that horrible letter! A wretch, a monster in the human shape, an infamous seducer, whose name respect for his noble family compels me to suppress even to you, my benefactor. This villain, sir, had lured my unfortunate sister from her pious retreat, had carried her off to this city, and then deserted her—left her to perish. Oh, sir, allow my silent tears to flow unchecked!

Baron. Poor young man—poor young man! This is indeed a sad story.

Capt. I felt assured you would sympathize with me.

Baron. I do—I do; but I am still anxious to know—

Capt. How I came into your garden, sir. Of course! It is but natural you should be. I am coming to that, sir. On the receipt of this dreadful information, sir, I immediately set off for Brussels. I arrived here this evening, and went straight to the house in which my unhappy sister had found a temporary refuge. Having obtained entrance, I proceeded up-stairs to her chamber. The door was fastened. I heard a stifled cry for help! I recognised my sister's voice. I knocked frantically at the door; nobody opened it.

Baron. But you burst it open, of course?

Capt. Instantly. (*Aside.*) 'Gad, he helps me out. (*Aloud.*) With one blow of my foot, and rushing in—I saw—oh, horror— What do you think I saw, sir?

Baron. Your sister in the power of some ruffian.

Capt. Exactly so! (*Aside.*) As well that as anything else! (*Aloud.*) It was he, the infamous destroyer of her honour, who, fearful of exposure, threatened her with death if she did not sign a paper acquitting him of all knowledge of her flight.

Baron. The villain! I should have run him through the body on the spot.

Capt. Noble-minded man! You but anticipate my words. One thrust and he lay a bleeding corpse at my feet! My sister rushed shrieking from the apartment. I followed—found myself in the street—

Baron. And then the watch, I suppose—

Capt. Yes; the watch, alarmed by the cry of murder, came running to the spot. I fled—they pursued. In a strange city, not knowing whither to bend my steps, I took the first turnings that presented themselves, entered this street, found a gate unfastened—and now, sir, having made this candid confession, having thrown myself upon your honour and generosity, deliver me, if you please, into the hands of justice, for having, perhaps too rashly, taken upon myself to avenge the ruin of a sister, and the dishonour of a noble family. (*Aside.*) Phew!

Baron. No, no, young man; you shall not repent your confidence. I have been deeply moved by your story. I pity you sincerely, and will show my sympathy in more than words. My house shall be your home while you need such an asylum.



Capt. Generous man!

Baron. I must talk to the Governor on this business. There is considerable blame to be attached to the police. They should have been cognizant of the arrival of two strangers in this city—should have discovered immediately the situation of the parties, and rescued your sister from the grasp of a villain. If I knew the Captain of the Watch, I should tell him to his head that he had been guilty of gross negligence; as it is, I shall speak to the Governor, and have him reprimanded, perhaps displaced.

Capt. How very kind.

Baron. Wait here a moment. I will just reconnoitre in-doors. Take good heart. Time works wonders. Your sister may return to the convent. Her name is—

Capt. Louise de Valkenberg.

Baron. De Valkenberg! You said De Cortenberg?

Capt. Yes; De Cortenberg de Valkenberg, &c., &c., &c.

Baron. Ah, I see! Well, just wait here, as I said, one moment, while I see if the coast be clear. (*Aside.*) We can't trust women with such secrets. (*Aloud.*) Don't move from that spot. I'll be back directly.

[*Exit cautiously, R. 2 E.*]

Capt. Egad, the old boy swallows my story capitally! I may as well pass the night here, now, as anywhere else; and to-morrow morning what shall I say at home? Why, give out, of course, that I spent the hours in watching over the safety of the sleeping inhabitants. A footstep! He returns.

Enter KATRYN, R. 1 E.

Katryn. (*In a whisper.*) Are you there?

Capt. (*In the same tone.*) Yes.

Katryn. Give me your hand. I'll lead you.

Capt. (*Aside.*) A woman—the gentleman's wife, perhaps. There never was such hospitality.

[*Exit cautiously with Katryn, R. 1 E.*]

ADOLF opens the gate.

Adolf. (*Entering.*) All right, the door is open. I trembled lest they should have given me up, and closed it for the night. The confounded watch would not let me pass till I assured them I lived in the street.

Re-enter BARON, R. 2 E.

Baron (*In a whisper.*) Where are you?

Adolf. Here!

Baron. Stop a minute till I lock the gate. The women are gone to bed. Don't make a noise. I wouldn't have them know anything of the matter. (*Locks the gate, c.*)

Adolf. (*Aside.*) Confusion! It's the Baron! What shall I do?

Baron. Now, follow me.

Adolf. (*Aside.*) And he has locked the gate, too! No way to escape.

Baron. Well, why don't you come? Here, give me your hand! I'll lead you. (*Takes his arm.*)

Adolf. (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath, I'm caught!

Baron. Don't be afraid; it's all even ground. I'll tell you when you come to the steps. This way. Not a word.

Adolf. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce does he take me for?

Baron. This way. Softly—softly!

[*Leads him out, R. 2 E.*]

SCENE II.—A Saloon, with doors, c., also doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Table and chairs brought on, and placed, L. c. Two unlighted candles on table.

Enter KRISTINA, from her own room, L. 2. E., with a lighted candle, which she places on the table.

Kristina. He must have arrived. How my heart beats! I am doing very wrong in receiving him here. But what can I do? The thought of losing him for ever— Besides nobody can say that I encouraged him, or made the appointment. That was Katryn's doing, dear girl. She is so devoted to me. I must get my uncle to raise her wages.

Enter KATRYN, R. 2 E.

Katryn. Here he comes, ma'amselle!

Kristina. Oh, mercy, Katryn! Where is he?

Katryn. On the stairs, in the dark. I stepped before him to give you notice. Poor young man, he is in such a fever of impatience. In his agitation he positively squeezed my hand as if it had been yours.

Kristina. Katryn!

Katryn. Oh, he couldn't help it, I felt he couldn't; and when I whispered to him that I would do anything to serve you both, he was so grateful that he kissed me over and over again!

Kristina. Katryn, I really think he might have helped that.

Katryn. No, he couldn't; he was quite overcome, and so was I almost. Poor young fellow, he is a lover! But there's no time to lose. May he come in, ma'amselle?

Kristina. Why, as he has ventured so far; but it's very wrong, Katryn—

Katryn. To keep him so long in the dark. So it is, ma'amselle. (*Re-opens the door.*) Sir—sir, come in, here's my lady.

Enter CAPTAIN, R. 2 E.

Capt. I'm quite ashamed of giving you all this trouble.

Katryn. } (*Seeing him.*) Ah!

Kristina. }

Capt. (*R.*) What's the matter?

Katryn. Oh, mercy—oh, dear! And he kissed me!

Kristina. (*C.*) Katryn, what have you done?

Katryn. (*L.*) Nothing, ma'am! He did it!

(*Aside.*)

Capt. Pray, ladies, don't be alarmed. If I intrude—

Katryn. (*Aside.*) It's the very gentleman who came about the house this evening.

Capt. I beg a thousand pardons; but after the kindness with which I was received by your husband, madam—

Kristina. Husband!

Capt. Or your father—or your grandfather, for really, I—

Katryn. Sir, my lady has neither husband, father, or grandfather; but we are not alone in the house, sir. There are servants, sir; and a man-servant and a gardener within call, sir; and a great dog.

Capt. (*Aside.*) What can this mean! (*Aloud.*) Did you not expect anyone, then?

Katryn. Yes, certainly; but not you.



Capt. Indeed. By what mistake, then? Pray do not be alarmed—upon my honour you have no occasion—only just tell me, were you not sent into the garden to fetch me?

Katryn. Not to fetch you, I tell you.

Capt. How could I tell? I heard somebody whisper "Are you there?"

Katryn. And you answered "Yes."

Capt. Why, I couldn't say no, could I? (To Kristina.) It seems, then, madam, you had not heard of my unhappy story of my unfortunate sister.

(Putting his hat down on a chair.)

Katryn. Not a word, and don't wish. Go out of the house directly.

Capt. Your pardon, one moment. I begin to perceive and, for the first time, know where I am. I recognise your pretty face, my dear, and presume that I have, a second time, unintentionally interrupted a tender interview. I am most truly sorry, I can assure you, madam, but, indeed, it was not my fault. (Aside.) What a lovely person. 'Gad, this adventure is getting more and more interesting.

Kristina. Sir, I accept your apologies, and am willing to believe it was by mistake, and therefore I feel that, under these peculiar circumstances, I ought—that is, that you—no; I mean that Katryn— Katryn, light the gentleman downstairs.

Katryn. Yes, ma'amselle; I feel that, under these peculiar circumstances, my young lady ought—that is, you ought—I mean I ought—to light you downstairs. This way, sir.

Capt. (Not moving.) You are very kind.

Katryn. Here's your hat, sir.

Capt. (Not taking it.) You are very kind.

Katryn. Well, but take it, then, and go.

Capt. To oblige you, I would do almost anything; but this is impossible.

Katryn. } Impossible!

Kristina. } What do you mean?

Capt. I mean that I must stay here till morning. I have promised the gentleman, whoever he may be—

Katryn. Gentleman! What gentleman?

Capt. I don't know. You say the lady has no husband, or father, or grandfather; but it was somebody who found me in the garden.

Kristina. Oh, Katryn, if it should be—

Adolf! } (Aside to each other.)  
Katryn. Or your uncle!  
Kristina. In either case there will be murder.

Katryn. Oh, sir, was it a young gentleman or an old gentleman?

Capt. Upon my honour, I can't say, but I should fancy the latter; evidently the master of the house.

Katryn. Then it was your uncle, and we are all ruined!

Capt. (Aside.) Oh, there's an uncle then!

Kristina. If he has seen Adolf!

Capt. Adolf! Ah, that must be the young gentleman whose place I have taken!

(Footsteps, R. 2 E.)

Katryn. There's somebody coming up-stairs.

Kristina. What will become of us?

Katryn. It's the Baron, and somebody with him—

Capt. Whom he has taken, no doubt, for me. The most amusing adventure!

Katryn. Amusing! (Crosses, R.) We shall be murdered, I tell you!

Capt. Nonsense! Let us hide and listen. I'll go in here. (Crosses to L. 2 E.)

Kristina. No, no, sir; that's my room.

Capt. So much the better. No one will think of looking for me in it.

[Runs in, L. 2 E.]

Kristina. I am lost! Oh, Katryn, this is your doing!

Katryn. It can't be helped now. (Locks door, taking out the key.) They are coming. Hush—hush!

(Katryn blows out the candle, and they hide themselves. Stage quite dark.)

Enter the BARON, R. 2 E., feeling his way, and leading ADOLF.

Baron. (As he enters.) One step at the door. There, now, we are all right again, and now I'll lock this door, and then you are safe.

(He locks the door, R. 2 E., and takes the key.)

Adolf. (Aside.) Safe! What the devil does he mean? Does he know who I am or not?

Baron. Rest assured, sir, that to-morrow not a soul shall guess what has become of you.

Adolf. (Aside.) Zounds! Is he going to make away with me? The vindictive old monster! (Aloud, and withdrawing his arm from the Baron.) Stay, sir! I must request—

Baron. Hush—silence! This way.

Adolf. No; I'll not move a step further. I am armed.

Baron. I know you are; but it's of no consequence now you are once in here.

Adolf. (Aside.) An infernal ambush—a trap laid for me! That traitress Katryn! (Aloud.) At least, I will not yield tamely.

Baron. My dear sir, be calm! You are in no danger in this house, I pledge you my honour. I am not surprised at your excitability after what has occurred. But pray be silent at present, for your own sake, and follow me gently.

Adolf. (Aside.) What mystery is this?

Baron. Go into this room. Don't stir out till I bring you a light, and then we'll settle what's to be done.

(Puts him off, L., behind the c. door.)

Adolf. (Aside.) I am bewildered quite!

[Exit c. and L.]

Baron. I should have got a light at first; it would have saved time.

[Exit, c. door.]

Kristina. (Advancing.) It was Adolf. I heard his voice.

Katryn. (Advancing.) And your uncle, then, knows all?

Kristina. Unless he has taken Adolf for the stranger, which I think he has done.

Katryn. We must get the stranger out, then, directly.

Kristina. Yes, yes; immediately. Open the door softly, while I call him.

Katryn. (Who has tried the door, R. 2 E.) Oh, mercy, ma'amselle, it's locked, and the key gone; your uncle has taken it.

Kristina. What shall we do—what shall we do? Think of something, dear Katryn. If he should be found in my room by either my uncle or Adolf—



Katryn. Ask him to be so kind as to jump out of the window.

Kristina. Oh, he'd never risk it; it's too high, and in the dark he'd break his neck or his limbs, and then all must be discovered!

Katryn. Here's the Baron with a light. Run—run!

Kristina. Where—where?

Katryn. Into your own room.

Kristina. Where the man is? No, no.

Katryn. Never mind the man; I'll go with you. Quick—quick! (Runs to room door, L.) Ah!

Kristina. What's the matter?

Katryn. He's locked himself in. Sir—sir, open the door!

Kristina. Hush! Here's my nnele!

Enter the BARON, with a lighted candle, c. d.

Baron. Halloa! Who's there? (Aside.) Kristina, Katryn! Provoking!

Kristina. It's only us, unnele.

Katryn. No; it's only us, sir.

Baron. Only us—only us! Why ar'n't you in bed, both of you?

Katryn. In bed? La, sir, why it's only just gone ten!

Kristina. We were thinking of it, unnele, but—

Katryn. But hearing you just come in, sir, my young lady thought she'd just stop and say good-night, sir.

Kristina. Yes, that's all, unnele. (Aside.) Oh dear, he looks as if he suspects something. (Aloud.) Good night, sir!

Katryn. Good night, sir—good night, sir.

Baron. (Aside.) They look as if they suspect something. Can they have seen me enter with young Cæsar de Valkenberg? I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world.

Kristina. Wasn't the Governor at home, sir, that you came back so soon?

Baron. Yes—no; that is, I had my reasons for returning, and I don't choose to be questioned. Go to bed. Good-night!

(The Women loiter about the room, and whenever they catch the Baron's glance, nod to him, saying, "Good night, sir!" to which he replies surlily, "Good-night!")

Kristina. Yes, sir, certainly. (Aside to Katryn.) What shall I do now?

Katryn. I'm at my wit's end.

Baron. Well, why the deuce don't you go when I tell you, both of you? Do you want me to open the door for you?

Kristina. No, sir—no—

Katryn. Ar'n't you going to bed yourself, sir?

Baron. What's that to you, hussey? Get you gone, do. What are you waiting for, eh?

Katryn. A—a light, if you please, sir.

(She trembles very much as she endeavours to light her candle at the Baron's.)

Baron. A light? Why, zeunds, were you both in the dark, then?

Katryn. The candle blew out with the whiff of the door, sir, just as you came in.

Baron. Well, then, there—take a light and begone.

(Goes up and lights the candles on table.)

Katryn. Yes, sir; but, if you please, sir, you've

looked the door, sir, and I can't get through the keyhole.

Baron. Oh, aye; true, so I have! Well, there, then; now away with you. (Unlocks door, R. 2 E.)

Katryn. (Aside to Kristina.) I'll run down to garden, and call to the gentleman to unlook your door, and then jump out of the window.

Baron. What's that you are whispering about a pump and a window? Get along with you, do.

Katryn. A pump, sir? We were talking of you, sir. Good night, ma'amselle. (Going.) I beg your pardon, sir, I forgot to say good night to you, sir.

[Exit Katryn, R. 2 E.]

Kristina. (Aside.) Now comes my turn.

Baron. Well, now you want a light, I suppose. Here, take this and light the candles in your own room. What is the matter with the girl? Kristina, you tremble, and look pale—agitated!

Kristina. No, indeed, unnele. No; I only—

Baron. (Aside.) She is confused—very much confused. There can be no doubt she does suspect. Shall I trust her? I've a great mind; and yet it's an awkward secret for a girl of her age. It can't be helped—I'd better trust her—I will. (Aloud.) Kristina!

Kristina. Yes, unnele.

Baron. (Aside.) No, no, I won't trust her.

Enter ADOLF, c. from L.

Adolf. I can bear this no longer.

Kristina. Heavens!

Baron. (Running to him.) Rash young man! What have you done?

Adolf. It matters not. Come what may, sir, let everything be explained.

Baron. It must now. Concealment is no longer possible. Kristina, my love, you see this young man? His life is in danger.

Kristina. His life!

Adolf. My life! It is threatened, then; but I am armed.

Baron. Armed! Pshaw! So you said before, but what will your sword do against the sword of justice?

Kristina. Of justice!

Baron. If that wretched man be dead—if the blow that has avenged Louise proved fatal, as you yourself believe, I—even I am compromised. Yes, young man, I feel that I am an accessory after the fact—my niece here, whom you see before you, she may be accused of aiding and abetting, for we must trust her now. But you will be secret, Kristina, for your own sake, if not for that of this unfortunate young gentleman. The most affecting story, the most tragical event—a daughter of the house of Cortenberg de Valkenberg—you shall know all in the morning; but now, the first thing is to secure him against surprise.

[Goes and locks the door, R. 2 E.]

Adolf. (Aside to Kristina.) Is he mad? What does he mean?

Kristina. (Aside.) I don't know; but, pray don't contradict him.

Baron. Now follow me, and—(to Kristina)—do you go to bed. Stay! Bless my soul, it quite escaped me! (To Adolf.) You require food, most likely, as well as rest. I see you do. Here, Kristina, go yourself down-stairs—don't call Katryn, don't wake anybody—go gently, and bring us any cold meat and bread, and so forth, that you can



find, and a bottle of wine. Here are the keys. I'll unlock this door for you. No words! Go quick! (Going to unlock c. door.)

Kristina. (Aside.) How will this end?

[Exit Kristina, c. door.]

Adolf. (Aside.) I'm completely puzzled.

(Crossing, R.)

Baron. (L.) And now, my young friend, we'll see if we can make you comfortable for to-night, and to-morrow I will endeavour to ascertain what has become of your sister. (Seeing the Captain's hat on the table.) Here, take your hat, and come with me. (Giving it to Adolf.)

Adolf. My hat! I've got my hat.

Baron. Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm so bewildered. (Goes to put it on his own head, and finds his own hat is on it already.) Hey! How's this! I've got mine on. It must be your hat.

Adolf. No; here's mine, in my hand.

Baron. Why, then, whose hat is this?

Adolf. How can I possibly tell. You best know who there is in the house.

Baron. In the house! There's nobody whom such a hat as this—Eh! Zounds, now I think! Kristina's confusion, Can it be possible? (Running to door, L. 2 E.) Fast, as I live—locked, and the key inside. Fire and fury! It must be so. Sir, there's a man in this room—in my niece's room!

Adolf. A man!

Baron. (At the door.) Open the door—open the door!

Adolf. Sir, sir, you cannot mean what you say! You cannot surely suspect—accuse your niece?

Baron. I do—I tell you I do! There's a man hidden in her room; here's his hat, and he has locked himself in.

Adolf. Be calm, sir. It is impossible!

Baron. Don't tell me of being calm, sir! I know it is not impossible. I know who it is, sir.

Adolf. You do! Who—who?

Baron. A man I thought more worthy my esteem, but who has deceived me. It is not the first time he has been here.

Adolf. How?

Baron. I feel assured of it. I have never seen him, we have never met; but I am now convinced she has been in the habit of receiving him in my absence!

Adolf. Impossible!

Baron. Not at all; for she loves him.

Adolf. I tell you it's impossible.

Baron. And I tell you she doats on him.

Adolf. Perfidious creature!

Baron. (L.) Aye; so she is! Hypocritical, treacherous girl! I see, sir, you feel for me, as I have felt for you. But I will show you, sir, that the Cortenberg de Valkenbergs are not the only family that know how to prize their honour.

Adolf. Hold, sir! I insist upon punishing this seducer.

Baron. No; I cannot consent. In your situation—

Adolf. But I am resolved! He shall not escape.

Baron. Good young man!

Adolf. I will have him out!

Baron. Noble young man!

Adolf. And slay him on the spot!

Baron. Excellent young man! Well, be it so! Do you guard this door! I will go down into the garden, to see that he does not escape out of the window. I'll call up the servants—I'll loose the

great dog. Oh, my dear young friend, little did I think you would so soon return your obligations to me!

[Exit Baron, R. 2 E.]

Adolf. Now, sir—(at the door)—I am alone. Open the door—open, I say, if you are not a coward!

The CAPTAIN opens the door and enters, L. 2 E.

'Sdeath, it is a man, and the very man I saw in the garden this evening! So, then my suspicions are well founded.

Capt. The very gentleman I expected to see. Have you bought the house, sir?

Adolf. No fooling. You must be aware, sir, that the man who comes out of that chamber at such an hour must account to me for his happiness or his audacity.

Capt. I should be delighted to pay for my happiness; but I'm afraid, in this case, it would not ruin me.

Adolf. I have no time to bandy words, sir. Draw, and defend yourself! (Stands on guard.)

Capt. Certainly. One moment—

(Crossing, R.)

Adolf. Where are you going?

Capt. Only to call the unele.

(Approaching door, R. 2 E.)

Adolf. Sir, you shall answer to me, and not to him.

Capt. With all my heart. But perhaps when the good gentleman shall find that it was *me* whom he left in the garden, and that it was *you* whom he found there on his return; that his generous champion is the clandestine visitor of the young lady, and that I am here by his own invitation, he may be inclined to hear reason, if you are not.

Adolf. (L.) Don't call, sir—don't call. If I am mistaken—

Capt. (R.) Nay; faith, I should like to see how you'll keep up the joke. I defy you to repeat the story of Louise.

Adolf. I beg you won't call. I have perhaps, been too hasty. I have heard some fragments of a strange story of a sister dishonoured—a person being wounded or killed—

Capt. Exactly. I am the brother and the avenger.

Adolf. And you did not come here, then, to see Kristina?

Capt. Certainly not.

Adolf. In that case, sir, I—(Stopping suddenly.) But, now I remember what you told me this afternoon in the garden, am I not justified in suspecting that this story of yours is a pure invention?

Capt. You are; and so it is, from beginning to end.

Adolf. Hah! Then how can I believe your assurance respecting Kristina?

Capt. Nay; if you doubt that, I must call the unele.

Adolf. No, no; I will believe—I am too anxious to believe. But what's to be done? We have, unintentionally, exchanged characters.

Capt. Well, we must change back again.

Adolf. Not for the world—at present. Oblige me by playing out the last one you have appeared in to the end.

Capt. How do you mean?

Adolf. The Baron, it seems, takes you for me. Do not undeceive him.



Capt. But suffer myself to be turned out of the house instead of you?

Adolf. Precisely!

Capt. Well, anything to be agreeable. I believe by this time I may walk home in safety. I think you will own I am a very accommodating person. Just as you called me out of that room, I was on the point of jumping out of the window, in order to oblige the lady's maid, who was making signals of distress to me from the garden; but having risked my neck from the first floor of a house once before this evening, I preferred availing myself of your polite invitation.

Adolf. You give me your honour, then, sir?

Capt. I do. To continue your representative. It is a much easier task, I fancy, than you have undertaken. You must continue the romance of Louise de Valkenberg de Cortenberg. Hang me if I can help you out there, for I have almost forgotten what I had invented already.

Enter the BARON with a pistol, followed by GARDENER and SERVANT, armed, R. 2 E.

Baron. (R.) Ha, there he is!

Capt. (L., aside to Adolf.) Who is this gentleman?

Adolf. (C.) The uncle, Baron Vanderpotter.

Capt. Oh! (Bows to him very politely.)

Baron. He bows to me! Impudence unparalleled! (Aside to Adolf.) You have not fought?

Adolf. No; I—

Baron. I am glad of it. Leave us, my dear friend, for a few minutes. Don't be alarmed, I mean no violence. I have made up my mind. (To Servants.) Retire till I call you.

[Servants retire, R. 2 E.]

Enter KRISTINA with wine and biscuits on salver.

Kristina. Here's the wine and— (Seeing the Captain.) Ah!

Capt. (Seeing she is about to let things fall.) Permit me, ma'amselle. (Takes tray.)

Baron. (Angrily.) Sir!

Capt. Sir! Did you not see the young lady was so agitated she had nearly dropped the salver with everything upon it?

Baron. What's that to you, sir? (To Adolf.) Leave us, my good friend. (To Kristina.) Kristina, stay you there.

Adolf. (Aside to Kristina.) Don't speak a word. Be dumb whatever is said to you, or we are lost.

[Exit Adolf, R. 2 E.]

Baron. Unworthy girl, well may you tremble! Look upon your partner in iniquity, who awaits, with equal agitation, the sentence that— (Turns and sees the Captain, who is dipping a biscuit in a glass of wine.) What the devil are you about, sir?

Capt. Listening to you, sir, with the greatest respect.

Baron. Sir, do you know that, in the first transports of my fury, I had determined to kill you?

Capt. Indeed!

Baron. I have renounced that intention.

Capt. (L. C.) You have done very right.

Baron. (R. C.) Yes, happily for you, I have had time to reflect, and to feel that the honour of my family would not be satisfied by so barren a vengeance. Sir, you shall marry my niece.

Capt. The deuce I shall! (Aside.) Here's a new incident,

Kristina. (R., aside.) And I must not say a word.

Baron. Do not hope, however, that I shall forgive either of you. No, as long as I live, I never will. But the man who has been surprised in her chamber cannot refuse to make that reparation. Sir, you shall marry her!

Capt. Permit me one moment—

Baron. Sir, consent to marry her instantly, or I'll blow your brains out.

Capt. My dear sir, under such circumstances I couldn't hesitate for a moment.

Baron. Enough. Your hear, Kristina?

Capt. (Aside.) She hears; yes, and, egad, she doesn't say no.

Baron. You shall be married to-morrow morning. No feasting—no friends—privately and suddenly—and the moment the ceremony is over you shall quit this house never to enter it more.

Capt. Together, of course.

Baron. Of course.

Capt. (Aside.) And she doesn't say no. (Aloud.) Sir, I am delighted with this arrangement; but I should like to hear what the young lady has to say on the subject.

Baron. Sir, she has nothing to say. My will is law. She has but to obey in silence.

Capt. (Aside.) And, egad, she seems inclined to do so. Well, this is the most whimsical affair—But it isn't my fault. The young gentleman himself requested, the uncle insists, and the lady does not say no. Faith, she's a very lovely person! I don't know that I could do better. (Crosses, C., aloud.) Ma'amselle, may I flatter myself that this is not a dream—that your silence is really a proof that this decision of your excellent uncle is not displeasing to you.

Kristina. Sir! (Aside.) I don't know what to do. He conjured me to be dumb, whatever was said.

Capt. (Aside.) She will not say no. Nay, faith then, here goes. (Aloud.) Beautiful Kristina, at your feet I swear to you—

Kristina. (R.) Sir!

Baron. (L.) Enough—enough!

Capt. No, sir; not half enough, in the relation we now stand in to each other. Upon this white hand I seal the bond of mutual—of eternal affection. (Kneels.)

Enter ADOLF, hastily, R. 2 E.

Adolf. How's this? At her feet! What are you doing?

Capt. (L. C., aside.) Following your instructions to the letter.

Baron. How can you be so imprudent—(to Adolf)—in your situation? Sir—(to Captain)—this gentleman is a friend of mine, who is, no doubt, surprised at my weakness in thus giving you my niece.

Adolf. (C.) Giving him your niece!

Baron. (L.) Yes, my friend—yes. Oh, I know what you will say—I know that in my place you would have acted differently, but—

Adolf. And he accepts her?

Baron. Of course. If he had dared refused, I— (Showing pistol.)

Adolf. And you—you, ma'amselle, have not protested—

(Crossing, R. C.)

Kristina. (Aside.) You told me not to say a word.



Adolf. This is downright treason! Sir, I will not suffer—

Baron. But, my good friend -- my dear friend—

Adolf. Baron, you are imposed upon. I will bear this no longer. You do not know to whom you are giving your niece. I am Adolf de Courtray.

Baron. Eh?

Capt. (Aside.) Ah! Adolf de Courtray! So, so!

(Pulling a despatch hastily out of his pocket and glancing over it.)

Adolf. Yes; Adolf de Courtray, lieutenant in the second regiment of the Walloon Guards.

Capt. (Aside.) Exactly so.

Adolf. Absent, without leave, from his quarters at Louvain.

Capt. (Aside.) Exactly so.

Adolf. And who has risked the loss of his commission, who runs the chance of being arrested this moment—

Capt. (Aside.) Exactly so.

(Putting up the paper.)

Adolf. For the love he bears this lady.

Baron. How—what? You are not Cæsar de Valkenberg de—

Adolf. No, sir—no; I am not the person you found in your garden, nor is there any truth in the story you have been told.

Baron. Fiends and fury, have I passed a whole night in sympathizing with a family that had no existence? Sir—(to Adolf)—sir—(to Captain)—I will have satisfaction—I will have an explanation. Who are you, sir? (To Captain.)

Capt. (L. C.) The unhappy brother of the ill-fated Louise de—

Baron. Sir, you shall repent this usage, whoever you are. Hollo! Pierre! Louis!

Enter SERVANTS, R. 2 E.

Run! Call the watch! Raise the neighbourhood!

[Exeunt Servants, R. 2 E.]

Capt. By all means! (Aside.) Now I have good reason for being here it doesn't signify.

Baron. If you attempt to escape, I'll fire!

Capt. Oh, you needn't be alarmed, sir!

(Seats himself, c.)

Baron. Was there ever such assurance? (To Adolf.) As for you, sir, quit this house, and never let me see you more.

Adolf. Oh, sir, you need not have given me that injunction! I feel that I too have been imposed upon—that I too have been grossly deceived; but I will first know by whom—I will first see that impostor unmasked, and then—

Kristina. Indeed, Adolf—

Enter KATRYN hastily, R. 2 E.

Katryn. Oh, sir—oh, ma'amselle! We're all ruined! Here's the city watch, the soldiers, all the neighbourhood—

Baron. Aha! Now, sir—now—

(To Captain.)

Enter an OFFICER OF THE WATCH, with GUARD, R. 2 E.

Officer. What is the matter?

Baron. There he is, sir—that's the man.

Officer. (Going up to Captain, recognizing and saluting him.) Who am I to arrest, sir?

Baron. (In great astonishment.) Eh?

Capt. (Pointing to Adolf.) That gentleman.

Adolf. Me!

Kristina. Oh, Adolf!

Capt. "Adolf de Courtray, lieutenant in the second regiment of Walloon Guards, absent, without leave, from his quarters at Louvain." (Passing over to him.) You cannot be surprised, sir—you expected as much. There, you perceive, are my orders. (Handing him the despatch.)

Adolf. (Reading.) "To the Captain of the Watch."

Capt. Which I have the honour to be.

All. The Captain of the Watch!

Katryn. (Aside.) Well, for the head of the police, he certainly has the most extraordinary manners.

Baron. I am positively thunderstruck! How, sir! A public officer appointed especially to watch over the morals of a great city, to be surprised in a situation—

(All retire up but Captain and Baron.)

Capt. Eh?

Baron. To be surprised in a situation—

Capt. Wherein he had placed himself in order to prevent a clandestine meeting, and to arrest the principal offender.

Baron. Eh? Nay—certainly if it was with that intention.

Capt. Harkye, Baron, when the head of a family is unmindful of what is passing in his own house, it is the business of a paternal government to act for him, and a hard task it has to execute. See, sir, here is an official report—(taking it from Officer)—of every misdemeanour which has occurred this night in Brussels. (Handing it to him.) My own adventure is, no doubt, in the list.

(Aside.)

Baron. (Aside.) What's this? (Reads aloud.) "About ten o'clock last night, a man was seen to descend from the balcony of the first-floor window of the house of the Marchioness de—"

Capt. Hush, don't mention names! (Aside.) There's my adventure, sure enough.

Baron. Can I believe my eyes? (Forgetting himself.) The traitress!

Capt. Eh? (Aside.) As I live, my rival! Excellent! (Taking the paper from him.) That's enough. You see with what vigilance—

Baron. (Furiously.) A man from the first-floor window!

Capt. Hush! Don't betray yourself, you know very well who it was.

Baron. (Confused.) I!

Capt. Of course; it was you.

Baron. No such thing, I came out at the door.

Capt. Indeed! Oh, we'll alter it in the report, and put your name in, as you have confessed!

Baron. 'Sdeath! No; I— Confound it!

Capt. Just as you please. It shall stand as it is, provided you consent cheerfully to the marriage of that young gentleman with your niece.

Baron. Never, sir—never! I—

Capt. Then I must correct the report, my duty as Custos Morum— (All advance.)

Baron. Stop, stop, I'll—I'll think on it.

Capt. I felt assured you would. (To Kristina.) Ma'amselle, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I have persuaded your worthy uncle to give his consent to your marriage with Lieutenant Adolf de Courtray.

Adolf. Is it possible?



*Kristina.* Oh, sir!

*Baron.* But—but—

*Capt.* But he is arrested, you would say. So he is, but I will take his word of honour not to quit this house without my permission; and, in the meanwhile, I have some influence with his colonel, which I will gladly exercise in his behalf.

*Adolf.* Generous man!

*Katryn.* Oh, if all the police were like him!

*Baron.* Still I must say—

*Capt.* Nothing, unless you wish me to alter the report. Be satisfied, the Marchioness doats on you. I have means of ascertaining, and should she ever dream of proving false to you, I shall be at her elbow.

*Baron.* My dear sir, I may confide then in your vigilance?

*Capt.* You may. From this moment consider yourself under the eye of the police.

*Katryn.* And, if you please, sir, may I be under the eye of the police?

*Capt.* Certainly, I've had my eye upon you for some time; and I trust the adventures of this evening, Baron, will induce you, as well as others, to rest perfectly satisfied with the good intentions, at any rate, of "THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH."

CURTAIN.

*Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.*

OFFICER.

BARON.

KATRYN.

CAPTAIN.

KRISTINA.

ADOLF.

R.

L.







# PROMOTION;

## OR, A MORNING AT VERSAILLES.

### A VAUDEVILLE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*First Performed at the Olympic Theatre, February 18th, 1833.*



#### Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 21.

MARQUIS DE VIELLECOUR	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. B. Webster.
COLONEL DE LA GARDE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. James Bland.
CHARLES MERVAL	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. J. Vining
SERVANTS...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	{ Mr. Connel.
										Mr. Davis.
										Mr. Hughes.
MARCHIONESS DE VIELLECOUR	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Tayleure.
JULIA	...	...	...	...	...	(Madame De la Garde)	...	...	...	Miss Murray.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION,—Fifty Minutes.



## COSTUME.

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MARQUIS.—Full-dress uniform of a French general, time of Louis the Fifteenth, blue, embroidered with gold; white knee-breeches and silk stockings; three-cornered hat, broad gold lace, and white feather trimming.

COLONEL.—French colonel's uniform, white, faced with blue or red; three-cornered hat, with gold lace; white cockade; no feather.

CHARLES.—Lieutenant's uniform, same regiment as Colonel's; the hat with white cockade, but the lace narrower than that of the Colonel's.

MADAME DE VIELLECOUR.—Rich lady's dress of the period; powder patches.

JULIA.—Dishabille of the period.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

\*.\* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*



## PROMOTION.

SCENE.—*A Boudoir. Doors, c., and doors, R. and L. Table, c.; chairs, R. and L.; sofa, L. H.; screen, R. H.*

COLONEL and JULIA discovered at breakfast, c.

Col. (L.) By my faith, Julia, I don't know how you manage it, but after being up nearly all night at a ball, I am more fatigued than at the close of a battle.

Julia. (R.) And yet you don't dance, and I do.

Col. I rather think that's the reason. Sauntering about a snite of apartments for five or six hours, and seeing one's wife dancing with every seented puppy in the party, is consumedly tiring to the patience as well as the limbs, let me tell you.

Julia. Jealous, on my conscience! Sir, you flatter me.

Col. You never were more mistaken. I am not jealous, I assure you.

Julia. Nay; now you are rude: You don't love me well enough to be jealous of me.

Col. Wrong again! I love you too well to be jealous of you. I am not one of those who think jealousy a proof of affection.

*Tell me not that vile suspicion*

*Makes of noble love a part.*

*I will ne'er by such admission*

*Prove I know not woman's heart.*

*Kindly confidence about her*

*Sets a guard both true and strong.*

*If you once begin to doubt her,*

*She won't let you doubt her long.*

No, no; I would not insult you by suspecting your fidelity, and I don't choose that others should; but there is no way of stopping people's tongues when a wife, just turned twenty, dances till day-break, leaving a husband of fifty to talk politics, take snuff, and play piquet with gouty governors and dowager duchesses. Besides, when I know there is one man in the room—

Julia. One man! (*Aside.*) Has he observed—

Col. Whose slightest attentions are sufficient to affix a stigma on any lady.

Julia. Who can you allude to?

Col. The Marquis de Viellecour!

Julia. The Marquis de Viellecour! Why, my dear Colonel, he is older than you are.

Col. Older than I am! Well, upon my honour, madam, that's very complimentary! I am perfectly aware of my age.

Julia. Nay; indeed, I didn't mean—

Col. Well, well, I don't suppose you did; but I tell you, the Marquis is an old roué—a notorious

libertine, whose avowed purpose is to soil a woman's reputation by any means, in order to make it scarcely worth preserving. I watched him last night, and saw the air of triumph he indulged in every time you allowed him to offer the slightest civility. Julia, I hate that man. You, I trust, will never be at home to him if he calls.

Julia. My dear Colonel, I have made a point of it. He has called often, and never been admitted.

Col. He has, has he? Called often, and, of course, when I was out! The old poacher! I have a great mind to insult him the next time we meet.

Julia. Merey on us! It would be well worth while to make a fuss about an old coxcomb like that!

Col. He's an old knave, madam. His relationship to the Minister, his rank, wealth, and consequent influence at Court, give him advantages he well knows how to make the most of. People will talk. Then your cousin Charles, to whom—(*they rise*)—you are always so cold, so distant, so unlike a relation—for what reason I can't guess, for a pleasanter, nicer young fellow, don't exist upon the face of the earth.

Julia. Well, sir, what of him?

Col. Why, that poor boy, notwithstanding your usage of him, could not help pointing out to me last night the danger you were running into by letting the Marquis even sit by you at supper.

Julia. Charles told you that?

Col. 'Gad, I believe I shouldn't have mentioned it; it will only put you on worse terms together. But pray don't be angry, because it was only out of friendship the lad spoke, and— Bless my soul, it's twelve o'clock, I must go to parade. Now, my dear Julia, promise me two things—to avoid, as much as possible, that intriguing Marquis, and to behave a little kinder to poor Charles Merval, for whom I have a very great regard, and who really deserves better treatment at your hands. Now oblige me, will you?

Julia. As to the Marquis, certainly; but my cousin Charles has no right to complain of my conduct to him, or of my treatment of others.

Col. Ah, there, there! I felt I had made mischief as soon as I spoke; but I repeat, that it was only in consequence of his great affection for you. Aye, you may look as you please; but he has a very great affection for you, notwithstanding his reserved manner, and I do make it my most particular request that you will treat him in future, if not like a cousin, more like the most intimate friend of your husband.

[*Exit, L. H. D.*]

Julia. Was there ever such blindness—such mad-



ness? He's afraid of that old Marquis, whose gallantries are a subject merely for laughter, and sees not the danger to which he exposes me by this encouragement of my cousin. What shall I do? I dare not tell him the truth—it might lead to some fatal result; and yet to comply with his request, to receive Charles with kindness—with affection—is to run a more terrible risk.

*Love's gentle language first to learn he brought me,  
Hard was the task that lesson to forget;  
Oh, if too oft I hear the tongue that taught me,  
Some words, alas, I may remember yet!*

(A knock is heard at L. H. D.)

Who's there? Come in.

Enter CHARLES, L. H. D.

Chas. Julia!

Julia. How, you, sir! Who sent you hither? Who requested your presence? I thought last night I forbade your visits, except when specially invited by the Colonel.

Chas. I was invited; the Colonel met me at the door, and desired me to walk up and make my peace with you. Do you think I could resist such an invitation?

Julia. After your insulting declaration last night, sir, I should not have imagined my good opinion could be of much consequence to you.

Chas. My insulting declaration? Oh, Julia!

Julia. I will not be called Julia. I am the wife of Colonel de la Garde, and will be respected as such.

Chas. And by what right were you made his wife? Nay, hear me, for I will be heard. We were playmates together in childhood—even from my cradle I loved you; and you, Julia, you loved me. What were your last words when I left our guardian's house, to enter the Military College? "Charles, forget not your little cousin; return, and she will be your companion for life." I did return, and found you another's! The wife of a man old enough to be your father.

Julia. You know the circumstances under which I became so; you also know the kindness, the confidence with which I have been treated by the Colonel; and if you loved me as you profess, you would have too much regard for my honour and my peace of mind to put both in jeopardy by indulging in these useless and offensive declarations.

Chas. Offensive!

Julia. Yes, sir, offensive—I may add, unmanly; for do you not take advantage of our peculiar situation, and presume upon the friendship of the husband to insult the wife? Were it not for the recollection of those early days, when your love for me was an innocent one, what should prevent me from informing the Colonel of your persecution, and drawing down upon you his just indignation and revenge?

Chas. Nay, madam; do not hesitate on that account. By heaven, I would rather it were so! Tell him that he has robbed me of all I hold dearest in the world; tell him that he has possession of the hand of a woman whose heart was—nay, is—mine, at this moment! Julia, beloved Julia!

Julia. Charles—Monsieur Merval—leave me instantly, or for ever!

Enter SERVANT, L. H. D.

Serv. A card, madam. The gentleman waits to know if you are visible.

Julia. (Reading card.) "The General de la Croix." I know no such person—but show him up. [Exit Servant.] Monsieur Merval, you hear—I have business. Good morning.

[Exit, C. D.]

Chas. She is right—she is right, and I am a fool, nay, a villain. I will see her no more; I will sell my commission, fly the country, anything to stifle this unfortunate passion. (Goes to L. H. D.) What do I see? The Marquis de Viellecour in a general's uniform! Oh, woman—woman! This, then, was the cause of her anger at my intrusion! I have thwarted an assignation, have I? But I will know the truth, and if—Where shall I hide? Ah, here!

[Goes behind screen, R. H.]

Re-enter SERVANT, followed by MARQUIS, L.

Serv. Madam will be with you immediately, sir.

Marquis. Very well—very well! Come, I have penetrated into the citadel, and the garrison will be taken by surprise. The Colonel is safe for an hour at least, and I think I have gained possession of a secret which will be sufficient to silence the lady, even should I fail in carrying her by a coup de main.

*Woman's a riddle—none can understand her,  
Life is too short the study to pursue;  
I follow up the plan of Alexander,  
He cut the knot that no one could undo.  
Boldly I summon beauty to surrender,  
Heedless of arts by coquetry devised;  
I am too old a lover to be tender,  
And yet too young to doat and be despised.*

Enter JULIA, C. D.

Julia. To what am I to attribute the honour of this—Is it possible? The Marquis de Viellecour!

Marquis. Who, under any name, is the most devoted slave of the beautiful Madame de la Garde.

Julia. Sir, this artifice!

Marquis. Is the result of your cruelty, madam. You have denied yourself to the Marquis de Viellecour; the General de la Croix has been more fortunate. (She is going to table, C., to ring bell.) Nay, madam, before you summon your domestics to show me the door, as I perceive you contemplate, do me the justice to hear the motive of my visit—it may greatly change your determination.

Julia. I am at a loss, sir, to imagine any excuse for so gross a violation of good breeding. Should the Colonel return—

Marquis. I should be compelled to make him also a confidant in this business, which would be greatly to my annoyance. To lose no time, therefore, I have discovered the reason of your indifference—your aversion—

Julia. In two words, your meaning?

Marquis. In one word, then—Charles!

Julia. Charles!

Chas. (Aside.) Hah!

Marquis. You find 'tis full of meaning. It has acted like a spell upon you. Who shall accuse Madame de la Garde of cruelty, of insensibility?



The beautiful suffusion of those cheeks sufficiently belies the base assertion. You love him, madam—I know he loves you passionately, madly; I heard him say as much last night at the ball. But I am a generous rival; I will keep your secret—nay, more—indulge me with a hope, and my powerful influence shall be exerted to procure him the promotion he has sought in vain for—one kind word from you, and your cousin is a captain.

Chas. (*Aside.*) Villain!

Julia. (*Aside.*) Oh, Charles, Charles, to what has your conduct exposed me! My reputation is at the mercy of this man. Should I resent this insult, there are no lengths to which his malicious disposition would not carry him, and my husband's life, perhaps—I must bridle my indignation. (*Aloud.*) My Lord Marquis, I must entreat you to leave this place. I cannot be accountable for the idle expressions of a thoughtless young officer, and it would ill accord with the character for gallantry which you enjoy, to give currency to a scandal, which, though utterly void of foundation, might lead to some fatal consequences.

Marquis. (*Aside, and putting his hat on sofa, L. H.*) She capitulates. (*Aloud.*) Shall I write to the Minister for the commission?

Chas. (*Aside.*) Shall I cut his throat?

Marquis. May I flatter myself that—

Julia. Hush! Surely I heard an arrival! My Lord Marquis, should my husband see you here, after his prohibition, and in this dress—Be-gone, I beseech you.

Marquis. It cannot be the Colonel. Parade is not over.

Julia. But should anyone who knows you—

Marquis. Say you are not at home.

Julia. 'Tis too late; they are on the stairs.

Madame de Viellecour. (*Without, L. H.*) Yes, yes; Madame la Marquise de Viellecour.

Marquis. Death! 'Tis my wife!

Julia. Your wife?

Marquis. Confusion, the old magpie! What brings her here? I'll get behind this screen.

Julia. You shall do no such thing, sir; I will suffer no man to conceal himself in my apartment.

Chas. (*Aside, and trying to escape by R. H. D.*) Confusion, the door's locked!

Enter SERVANT, L. H. D.

Serv. Madame la Marquise de Viellecour.

Enter MADAME DE VIELLECOUR, L. H. D.  
Servant places two chairs, C., then takes coffee off table, and exits, L. H. D. Marquis disappears, C. D.

Julia. What shall I do?

Mad. de V. Ah, my dear Madame de la Garde, you are surprised, no doubt, to see me; for, long as we have known each other in society, we have never visited! I can't tell why, I'm sure; can you? No; you can't either. But you are going to say one of your civil things about it, and you sha'n't—I positively won't let you. I know it's my fault, and I've broken through all forms, you see, to have the pleasure of making the first call. What signifies talking of the past? There was some little foolish feeling in the case, I believe; but there, there, don't let's think about it. Pray sit down, my dear, and, I'll sit too, for I'm come on particular business, and—Oh, for the love of goodness, my dear, where did you buy those ear-

rings? They are the most exquisite little bijoux—Or perhaps you didn't buy them! Oh, I guess! Well, well, you needn't colour up so, you little rogue; I'll not ask another question about them, as I live.

Julia. Madame, you must excuse me, but—

Mad. de V. Excuse you? To be sure. You're not well, this morning—rather languid—don't wonder at it. Ah, you little rake! I heard of you at the ball last night, so don't talk, it'll fatigue you; sit still and listen to me. You can serve me exceedingly, and I'm sure you'll not hesitate a moment; you are so amiable, so very, very kind hearted!

MARQUIS peeps, C. D., and listens.

Julia. Madam, I—

Mad. de V. Oh, you are—you are, indeed! So not another word on that subject.

Julia. (*Aside.*) Nor upon any other, seemingly.

Mad. de V. And so to business. My dear Madame de la Garde, you know my brute of a husband?

Marquis. (*Aside.*) Hah!

Julia. Madame, I?

Mad. de V. Oh, yes! I know, I know—he's mighty smitten with you. But don't be alarmed! I'm not jealous, not in the least—I'm sure you have too much taste to like such an old monkey as that. (*Marquis gesticulates.*) And, for my part, my dear, I don't care a straw who he runs after now-a-days. Indeed, there never was much love between us. I married him for rank, and he married me for money. We both got what we wanted, my dear, and now we follow our own inclinations. And talking of inclination brings me back to the business I came about. My dear Madame de la Garde, your cousin, Charles Merval, is the handsomest young fellow—

Marquis. (*Aside.*) How?

Mad. de V. And says the prettiest things in the prettiest manner imaginable! Do you know, my dear, I really begin to think that if some lucky accident should carry off the Marquis, I should be foolish enough to take pity upon Charles, and marry this time for love! What's the matter, my dear? That door's ajar—(*Marquis disappears*)—and you feel the draught. Is there a window open behind it?

Julia. No, no; 'tis nothing. (*Aside.*) If it were not for my own sake, I'd expose them to one another. (*Aloud.*) Madam, I must beg you to be brief, for I have an engagement.

Mad. de V. Ah, so have I—twenty, my love—twenty; but your conversation is so beguiling.

Julia. Mine! I have not been able to say—

Mad. de V. Half what you had to say, I'm sure, nor I neither; but when people meet so seldom—However, that shall be mended now. I have broken the ice, as I said, and I shall positively haunt you for the future. But, as I was telling you, I am quite enchanted by your cousin. We met, for the first time, last week, at the Spanish Ambassador's—had no idea you were related, till yesterday. Must beg you to bring him to our hotel, and introduce him in due form; but don't betray me, my dear—don't suffer him to imagine what an impression he has made upon me. These young officers are so presuming, so impetuous, I quite tremble to think of the consequences.

Julia. You need not be under any apprehensions on my account, madam. I shall certainly not



speaking to Monsieur Merval on any such subject, and I must beg leave to decline introducing him at the Hotel de Viellecour.

*Mad. de V.* You'll not bring him—not bring him to sup with me, some night after the opera? You can't be so cruel! (*Rises.*) Oh, gracious, now I think of it—is there anything in the report that you have a tenderness for him yourself? If so, my dear, I beg a million pardons. I'm quite distressed, I vow!

*Julia.* Madam, if your purpose was to insult me—

*Mad. de V.* Insult you, my dear child, by supposing you fascinated by such a gallant as Charles Merval. You, who, like myself, have married a man more than double your age!

*Julia.* Madam, I would be alone.

*Mad. de V.* (*Turning, catches a sight of the hat the Marquis has left on the sofa.*) As I live, the hat of a general officer! So, so, so! Then it is not Charles. I see, I see; I have interrupted a tête-à-tête. Why did you stand upon ceremony? Adieu, my dear. Not a step, I entreat. No wonder I felt an air from that door; there was something in the wind then, after all. Not a step, not a step! You'll bring Charles now, I'm sure, if it's only to make us keep one another's secrets. You understand, my dear. Adieu! Bless me, I came vastly malapropos.

*Au revoir, au revoir. I don't know who's in your boudoir;*

*But leaving out his hat, I fear,  
Speaks little for his head, my dear.*

*Au revoir, &c.*

*Au revoir, au revoir. If thus you furnish your boudoir,*

*'Twill puzzle much the Colonel's wit  
To find a hat his head to fit.*

*Au revoir, &c.*

[*Exit, L. H. D.*]

MARQUIS re-enters, and comes down, c.

*Julia.* Was ever woman so insulted? Marquis de Viellecour, leave the house, and enter it no more; and be grateful that for my own sake, I have not exposed you to the anger and ridicule you so richly deserve.

*Marquis.* Exposed! Confusion! I have been exposed enough, I think! A pretty confession of Madame de Viellecour's! The devil's in this cousin of yours, I think, madam. What do you say to this business?

*Julia.* Will you begone, sir, ere my husband return and—

*Colonel.* (*Outside, L. H.*) I tell you what, if you ever let that woman cross my threshold again, I'll break every bone in your skin!

*Julia.* His voice! He comes! Now, sir, you must answer for yourself for this intrusion. I will not compromise myself by concealing you and risking a discovery.

*Marquis.* Very well, madam—very well. But if I am to be sacrificed, I shall denounce the more fortunate lover—Charles Merval, madam.

*Julia.* Do it, sir—do it; I defy you! My conduct is, at any rate, clear of all suspicion, and— (*Sees Charles behind screen. Aside.*) Oh, concealed in my boudoir! I am ruined—lost!

*Marquis.* Well, madam, shall I meet your hus-

band or not? You are silent—you repent—'tis well—then, I am silent too.

[*Disappears again, C. D.*]

*Enter COLONEL, L. H. D.*

*Col.* I give you fair warning, mind. If you let her in again, I'll kick you all out of the house, depend upon it.

(*Puts his hat on table, c.*)

MARQUIS re-appearing, and aside.

'Sdeath, there's my hat upon that sofa!

(*Tries to reach it with his stick.*)

*Julia.* (*Aside.*) What will become of me?

*Col.* Julia, my love, what in the name of wonder brought that insufferable Marchioness hither? I thought you never visited.

*Julia.* We never did, sir. I was as much surprised as yourself.

*Col.* Then what did she come for? What could she possibly want?

*Julia.* Nothing, nothing on earth but to chatter. She has talked me into such a nervous state, that—

*Col.* Poor soul, you do look quite ill, I declare—and you tremble so. Rot the Jezebel! She is the wickedest woman that ever breathed. Hang me if I wouldn't sooner see the Marquis himself here, and I should be tempted to run my sword through his lungs if I did see him.

[*Marquis disappears again.*]

*Chas.* (*Aside.*) A pleasant hint for my friend in the closet.

*Col.* Upon my word, you seem very poorly, Julia. I'll ring the bell and send for— (*Goes up and sees hat on sofa.*) Eh, what's this—a hat? A general officer's hat, by the feather! Why, Julia, my love, whose can this be?

*Julia.* (*Aside.*) 'Tis all over! I never shall be able to convince him, and the blood of one or both— Stay, a thought—'tis a new hat! Courage, I'll try it; I may foil the Marquis at his own weapons.

*Col.* Madame de la Garde, you are agitated—and silent. I ask you, madam, whose hat this is, and how it came here?

*Julia.* Provoking! You have found me out, and so I must tell the truth.

*Chas.* (*Aside.*) Eh?

*Col.* The truth! Yes, madam; I request you will tell me the truth.

*Julia.* You burst in upon a person so, there is no putting anything out of the way.

*Col.* Out of the way! What do you mean, madam?

*Marquis.* } (*Aside.*) Aye; what the devil does

*Chas.* } she mean?

*Julia.* Don't you see it's a new hat?

*Col.* Confoundedly new to me, madam!

*Julia.* You're quite right; it's new both to you and for you—it's your own.

*Col.* Mine! What business have I with the hat of a general officer, madam?

*Julia.* Because you are a general officer, sir.

*Col.* The devil I am!

*Julia.* At least, if you are not at this moment, you will be very speedily.

*Col.* My dear Julia, explain.

*Julia.* The Minister has at length been prevailed upon to grant you your long-desired and deserved promotion. The official communication will be



made to you to-night or to-morrow morning. I intended to give you an agreeable surprise, by presenting you with the complete uniform. The hat, however, is all I have yet received, and you have pounced upon me, you naughty, naughty man; you—

Marquis. } (Aside.) Well, of all the audacious—  
Chas. } cious—

Col. I'm petrified!

Julia. But ain't you delighted?

Col. I am so astonished, I haven't time to be yet. By what interest have you accomplished this?

Julia. I won't tell you that till it is effected. I have at present only the promise. When you have the Minister's letter, signed and sealed, in your pocket, then you shall know all about it.

Col. A general! I am a general at last. The Government has acknowledged my services. My dear Julia, by what miracle— But no, I won't at present; I will wait as you desire me. Oh, you dear hat, let me put you on, and see how you become me!

Julia. I am not quite sure it will fit.

Col. Fit! There never was such a fit. How do I look, eh? I wish I had the rest of the uniform. Pshaw! Plague on it, you have no glass here. Isn't there one in that closet?

Julia. No, no; it was moved, you know, last week, into the new saloon.

Col. Aye, so it was; and I'll run there and look at myself. Don't laugh at me, Julia. I know it's ridiculous, but I'm as pleased as a child with a new toy—my dear, dear Julia!

*Much as I have longed to wear this hat and plume together—*

*Dearest Julia, credit me, I say but what is true—  
In my cap I hold it still to be the greatest feather  
That both hat and plume have been presented, love,  
by you!*

*Oh, the joy, when first I walk abroad, and my promotion*

*Gains me from the courtier crowd a thousand  
smiles and bows,  
To hear our friends, in wonder all, at wedded love's  
devotion,*

*Cry, "See how Madame De la Garde adorns her  
husband's brows!"*

*Yes, much as I have longed, &c.*

[Exit, L. H. D.]

Julia. (To Marquis, who comes forward.) Now, sir, hence and verify what I have spoken. Exert the influence you boast of. The Minister, the King, the whole Court are at Versailles. My husband must be a general before to-morrow morning, or I reveal everything—expose both you and the Marchioness! I'm desperate; beware how you provoke me!

Marquis. Ha, ha, ha! This adventure is piquant, and you deserve to be made a general yourself. So, silence to Charles on the score of the Marchioness, and I fly immediately to the Minister. (Going to L. H. D.)

Julia. Not that way, or you'll meet the Colonel; but down those stairs, and across the garden—quick!

(Takes a key from the cabinet, and opens  
R. H. D., motioning at the same time  
to Charles, who retreats, c. D.)

Marquis. But without a hat? (Takes the Colonel's off table, c.) Exchange is no robbery.

[Exit, R. H. D.]

Chas. (From behind.) What shall I do—follow him?

Julia. No, no, sir. Should he see you, I am again in his power. Back! The Colonel!

(Charles returns to his old position behind screen.)

Enter COLONEL, L. H. D.

Col. I think it's a trifle too tight upon the forehead; and if the cockade was a *leetle* more in—in this way, for instance— Where's my old hat? I'll show you what I mean—a *leetle* more— Where the deuce did I put it? I laid it down here, surely.

Julia. (Aside.) 'Tis gone. The Marquis must have taken it. What's to be done now?

Col. I can't find it. Have you put it away, Julia?

Julia. I—no! I'm sure I don't know. (Charles puts his own hat on corner of screen.) Why, there it is!

Col. Why, who put it there, then? I didn't.

(Takes it.)

Julia. I'm sure I didn't.

Col. Well, perhaps I did, though; for your news has so completely bewildered me, I hardly know what I did. But, with regard to the cockade, now you see, Julia, what I mean is— Why, this is not my hat, after all.

Julia. Not your hat! Why, whose then? (Aside.) Oh, mercy, 'tis Charles's! Should he recognise it!

Col. Well, now this is a greater puzzle than all! How the deuce could I come by this hat? Egad, I remember now all about it! Ha, ha, ha! Whose hat do you think this is? Ha, ha, ha!

Julia. How can I possibly tell?

Col. 'Tis a capital joke! Why, 'tis your cousin Charles's hat!

Julia. (Aside.) I shall sink!

Col. Ha, ha, ha! I met him as I went out to parade, and I remember his laying his hat down on the table in the hall. I've no doubt I took it up by mistake for my own—I'm so absent when I'm talking about anything that interests me. I walked off with it to a certainty; and I suppose he's strutting about somewhere with mine. Didn't he mention it when he came up, or wouldn't you see him after all, as I feared?

Julia. I did see him, sir, as it was by your desire; but I don't recollect—

Col. Ah, he didn't notice it himself, perhaps, till he went out; and yet it's odd enough too. For I can scarcely get this on my head, and mine must have come over his eyes. Strange I didn't find it out before.

Julia. I think you had it under your arm when you came in.

Col. Well, but even then I must have worn it at parade. How very ridiculous! But I'll go and find Charles, though, for I want to show you what I mean about the cockade, and I won't pull his topieces. Did you make it up with him, by the bye?

Julia. No, sir; we quarrelled outright. And it will depend entirely upon his future good behaviour whether I ever speak to him again.

Col. Odso! What a strange couple you are, to be sure. Well, I shall hear his story first, for you are so prejudiced against him. I dare say he's at



the barracks. I'll be back again in five minutes. I suppose I mustn't mention my promotion to anybody yet?

*Julia.* Not to a soul; lest we should be disappointed after all.

*Col.* You're right. There's no depending upon court promises; and yet I'm sure you wouldn't have gone so far, except upon pretty good grounds. Oh, my dear Julia, if I could but see you reconciled to your cousin, this would indeed be the happiest day of my life!

*Julia.* But that hat—you cannot bear it,  
There's another sure below.

*Col.* Oh, I'll manage, love, to wear it!  
Merval must have mine, you know.

*Julia.* If 'tis lost?

*Col.* The least reflection  
Tells me that can never be,  
He has such a vast affection  
For everything belongs to me.

[Exit Colonel, L. H. D.]

*Julia.* (To Charles.) Now, sir, the coast is clear for you. You have heard all that has passed. What is your determination? Are we to be friends or foes?

*Chas.* Friends—friends, dear Julia! Forgive my past folly, I will offend no more. Love you I must for ever!—'tis my fate—but this is the last time the avowal shall pass my lips. I will see you but once more—once more, to prove to you the sincerity of my repentance, and then farewell for ever!

[Exit R. H. D.]

*Julia.* Poor Charles! Well, well, I may surely pity him.

Re-enter CHARLES.

Returned!

*Chas.* One instant. I have no hat. Should I be seen quitting the house in this state—

*Julia.* Here, here—(gives the general's hat)—take this and tear out the feather. I will explain it.

*Chas.* (Aside.) Faith, this is ringing the changes! But it will serve for more than one purpose. I have now the Marquis on the hip, so here goes.

[Exit, R. H. D. Julia seats herself at table, L. H., and begins to write.]

Rings bell, and enter Servant, L. H. D.]

*Julia.* Run with these notes, and take whatever they give you into your master's room, instantly. [Exit Servant, L. H. D.] Now for the dénouement of this hazardous adventure. It was a bold, a dangerous experiment; yet the lives of those who love me—whom I love, were in peril. And even still, should the Minister refuse or the Marquis betray—No, no! He dare not, for his own sake. (Goes to window, L. H.) Ha, I see him yonder, at the corner of the street! He has a paper in his hand. Has he already succeeded? Mercy on me! Surely that is Charles who accosts him. Yes, yes, 'tis he! Madman, what will he do? They talk angrily—they seem to threaten each other! Charles, Charles, have you sworn my destruction?

Enter COLONEL, L. H. D.

*Col.* I have hunted all through the barracks, but I can't find him. He's not been there since morning. My dearest Julia, what is the matter with you? You seem worse than before. Why won't you have some advice?

*Julia.* No, no, no; 'tis nothing. I'm better.

*Col.* Ah, I know 'tis my fault, and I'm quite ashamed of myself! I questioned you about that general officer's hat in a tone I had no right to use. I've no doubt you felt it deeply. Forgive me, my dear Julia! It was unpardonable in me—with my sentiments, too, on jealousy—to suffer the slightest suspicion of such a wife to cross my mind for a moment. Do forgive me, I shall never forgive myself.

*Julia.* I do, I do!

*Col.* Brute that I was, at such a moment too, when you were preparing for me the most agreeable surprise! Curse the hat! I've a great mind to—Eh, why that's gone now! What in the name of patience has come to the hats? Are they lined with quicksilver, or is the house bewitched?

*Julia.* I have sent it away for the alteration you mentioned. I knew what you meant, and—

*Col.* You can't, my dear, till you see my own hat, which that stupid fellow Charles has gone wandering with, the deuce knows where.

Enter SERVANT, L. H. D.

*Serv.* Monsieur Merval!

*Col.* Ah, here he is at last!

Enter CHARLES, L. H. D.

My dear fellow, I've been looking everywhere for you. [Exit Servant, L. H. D.] I say, Charles, whose hat have you got there?

*Chas.* Whose hat? Why, my own, I suppose. (Aside to Julia.) Fear nothing, 'tis his—I recovered it from the Marquis.

*Col.* Yours! Ha, ha, ha! Then whose is this?

*Chas.* Eh? Why that is mine, certainly, and—

*Col.* And that is mine, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! We took each other's this morning by mistake; but that's not likely to happen again, for the addition of a feather to mine will—

*Julia.* Colonel!

*Col.* Odso, I forgot, it's a secret. I had nearly let it out.

*Chas.* It is no secret to me, sir, for I am happy to be the bearer of the Minister's letter, officially announcing your expected promotion. General de la Garde, I congratulate you sincerely.

*Julia.* (Aside.) Can it be possible?

*Chas.* (Aside to her.) The Marquis found I knew everything, and we have settled all scores against each other. You have nothing to fear.

(Crosses to L. H.)

*Col.* 'Tis so, indeed. Julia, I am a general! Oh, my dear Julia, now complete my happiness, and let me see you friends again with poor Charles Merval, who looks quite wretched, I vow!

*Julia.* Well, sir, we are good friends, and I trust we shall remain so for the future.

(Charles bows.)

*Col.* That's a dear creature! Now don't stand bowing and scraping there, but kiss your cousin, you fool—kiss her directly, and never let me see you fall out again.

*Chas.* Julia, 'tis the last. (Kisses her.) And now, General, and you, my dear cousin, adieu, perhaps for ever.

*Col.* For ever! What the devil—

*Chas.* I quit Versailles to-night, and France perhaps to-morrow. I have exchanged into a regiment which sails for Guadelope. The Marquis de Viellecour has offered to effect the necessary



arrangements within the next few hours, and I have the promise of a company on my arrival at the island.

Col. Confound it! How dare you throw cold water over my heart just as it was glowing hot with happiness? Julia, is there no way of persuading this fellow out of his determination?

Julia. I shall not seek one, sir; for I feel convinced by Charles's manner that he has been led to make it from a conviction of its prudence, and I am willing to flatter myself that the consciousness of having secured my friendship by the step will not be one of the least consolations to him for any pain this temporary separation may occasion.

Col. So this, then, was the cause of your quarrel, was it? You wanted to drive the poor devil abroad, and he didn't want to go—so fond as he is of us both; and if it was only his being indebted to that scoundrelly Marquis for his promotion, it would be enough to put me out of temper. If I thought I owed my brevet of general to him, I'd tear it up and make him swallow the pieces. By the bye, to whose influence am I indebted? You promised to tell me, you know, when it arrived.

Julia. I did so, but—

Chas. Let me answer you, sir. It was mine.

Col. Yours! Why, what influence could you possibly have with the Minister?

Chas. None, sir; but accident gave me power over the Marquis. Be not alarmed—though you are a general by his request, this is not a favour conferred upon you, but a penalty, by which he has purchased the absence of a man he feared and the silence of a lady he had insulted.

Col. Eh? How's this? I begin to suspect—

Julia. You shall know all, my dear General, one of these days. In the meantime, rest satisfied with the assurance of your grateful Julia, that your honour and happiness are sacred trusts in her keeping; and that the only actions she has ever concealed from her husband are the innocent ones by which she has secured the advancement of the first, and the continuation of the second.

Col. I will—I will rest satisfied. You shall tell me only what you like, and when you like; and as you say 'tis to Charles's interest to go abroad, why I must make up my mind to that, I suppose, and I shall have then but one serious anxiety upon it. (To the public.) May I trust that the satisfaction

I experience at having been made so unexpectedly a general, will be increased by the satisfaction of our patrons being general also.

Enter three Servants, with coat, hat, and sword,  
L. H. D.

Julia. Oh, not alone in courtly France,  
Promotion springs from woman's glance!  
In every clime we've brevets seen,  
Might from boudoirs have dated been.  
How many wounds have ribbons healed,  
How many spots have stars concealed,  
And awkward facts been smothered, all  
By the coat of Monsieur le General?  
(Servant presents coat to General, who  
puts it on.)

Chas. (Aside.)

When honour bids us sound retreat,  
There's glory even in defeat;  
And thus I fly the field for fear  
Of gaining e'en a conquest here.  
Alas, too well may sages dread  
The spells by woman round us shed,  
And such bright eyes more fatal call

(Looking at Julia.)

Than—(Colonel turns suddenly. Charles  
recovers himself, and presents the  
sword to him)—the sword of Mon-  
sieur le General!

Col.

In this dear uniform I feel  
That I could laugh at shot or steel,  
And charge whole squadrons as of old  
We hear it sung of Bayard bold.  
And yet before these ranks I own  
I feel my courage cooler grown;  
So make my humblest bow to all  
With the hat of Monsieur le General.  
(Julia gives him the hat.)

Omnes.

Yes, yes, before these ranks we own  
We feel our courage cooler grown;  
So make our humble bow to all,  
For the sake of Monsieur le General.

CURTAIN.



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